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FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1907.

First Blood for Gov. Hughes.

Gov. Hughes' public-utilities bill has gained the prestige of passage through the lower branch of the New York legislature by a unanimous vote, recalling the manner in which the railroad-rate bill passed the lower House of Congress. The question now arises, Will the parallel be continued by the ultimate passage of the bill through the senate by such an overwhelming majority as was given the rate bill in the United States Senate?

The main fight against the measure, of course, will be made in the upper house, which is supposed to be more or less hostile to it. There the "interests" will concentrate their efforts to defeat or materially modify it. Thus far it has not been changed in any important detail. As it passed the house, it is still essentially the governor's measure. Some of the senate leaders do not relish the power of appointment and removal lodged in the governor by the terms of the bill, and will seek to transfer this power to the senate, thus making the public-utilities commissions practically responsible to nobody. Against such an amendment, the governor is properly opposed, for, as he has forcibly pointed out in his speeches, one of the principles of government which we should never lose sight of is that public servants should be strictly accountable to either the people or officers elected by the people.

Gov. Hughes' contest with the legislature, which has been so free hitherto from the methods and appurtenances of practical politics as to make it doubtful at times whether the ultimate victory would rest with him, has now entered on a final and crucial stage. His triumph will be the triumph of all that is best in American politics, proving anew that out of our muddied political warfare there may arise unsullied political leaders worthy the confidence and support of the people.

"Some men would rather be wrong than acknowledge it," says Mr. Bryan. The trouble with that sort of epigram is that it invariably means "some other men."

As to the Cabinet.

Many of our contemporaries are displaying unnecessary concern, amounting in some instances to peevishness, over a simple occurrence in Washington last week. The President of the United States on Friday, May 10, did not surround himself in his Cabinet room, pursuant to immemorial custom established for that day of the week, with the heads of the several executive departments and confer in more or less solemn conclave with them on the state of the Union. Instead, the Chief Magistrate bestrode one of his favorite mounts and, summoning a military aid, cantered through the streets of the Capital to a bosky dell herd by, where for a space of time not known he exercised his horse by making that fine animal take the hurdles. Why the omission of the usual Cabinet meeting should have caused so much adverse comment throughout the country, or any comment at all, we confess our inability to understand.

Let us look a little into the question of what the Cabinet is, its functions, powers, privileges, immunities (if it have any), &c. In the Constitution of the United States we find no provision for a Cabinet. In our great charter, copied in a large sense from the constitution of England, there is only the vaguest hint that such an institution as the Cabinet was contemplated by the fathers. The only reference in the Constitution to what has grown into our Cabinet is found in section 2, Article II, and is this:

"He (the President) may require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the executive departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices."

There is here no investment of power, nor is there the imposition of public responsibility or obligation. By the first section of the same article all the power and public responsibility and obligation is vested solely in one man, and he the President. Thus:

"Art. II. Sec. 1. The executive shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the term of four years."

Plainly, then, the framers of the Constitution did not have in mind a "Cabinet" such as we Americans have come to believe exists at Washington. The men holding places in what we call the Cabinet are merely "the principal officers of the executive departments," and as such are wholly subordinated to the sole possessor of the tremendous executive power of the nation. If it were not for the statutory enactments creating the several executive departments and defining the duties of "the principal officers" thereof, the President would not be required to go through the ceremony of appointing so-called "Cabinet officers." In the constitutional sense, these persons are not "officers" at all. They are mere clerks appointed for specific duties by the President, who may, if he choose, require from them "in writing" opinions pertaining to the duties of their respective positions. He violates no law, shirks no responsibility, usurps no power, nor otherwise ignores his solemn oath if he either fails to summon them to a "Cabinet meeting" or refuses to accept their advice on any question whatsoever.

That a member of the Cabinet holds his position at the pleasure—indeed, mayhap, the whim—of the President was fully established in the abortive attempt to impeach Andrew Johnson. That he can lay no claim to any official rights, powers, privileges, or immunities whatsoever was settled when Congress, upon the recommendation of Grover Cleveland, repealed the tenure-of-office act, which Cleveland sonorously observed had fallen into "innocuous desuetude."

We hope we have thoroughly exploded the absurd notion, which has found lodgment in a multitude of minds throughout the length and breadth of the land, that the President of the United States is in any sense obligated to summon Cabinet meetings at stated times.

It seems a pity that Mr. Nicholas Longworth does not reside in Wisconsin. If that were the case, he might be elected Senator to succeed Mr. Spooner, and thus leave Mr. Foraker undisturbed.

The Menace of the Black Bass.

Is the black bass to succeed the rabbit as the most ferocious, treacherous, and dangerous of all creatures? We are beginning to believe that some such consummation is in the cards. When the Houston Post first told of the Washington County bass which bolted a rabbit, we naturally ascribed the whole story to the overweening propensity of that paper to enlarge and amplify and smother with laudation everything pertaining to Texas and Texans. We even went so far, indeed, as to admit that Texas had every other State in the Union beaten a city block in the matter of piscatorial prevarication. In a word, we accepted the tale with a very considerable number of grains of salt.

Now we confess we are gradually becoming convinced that warrant exists for the opinion that the black bass is a most serious menace to human and animal life, and to the peace and prosperity of the nation. Hardly had the depravity of the Washington County bass been heralded to the world before a veritable flood of testimony commenced to pour in with reference to the general bad character of the genus to which this individual ichthyological cut-throat belongs.

Jeff McLemore, the Beau Brummel of Austin, whose bond was always as good as his word, first came forward with a statement corroborative of all imaginable charges against the perfidious bass. Col. Ben Rogers, an employe of the State legislature, gave unhesitating testimony regarding the voraciousness with which the fish devoured every living thing that unwarily ventured near its cruel jaws. Then, from across the Louisiana line our old friend, Henry Rightor, poet, litterateur, and familiar of steam-engine boilers, took his typewriter in hand and produced a blood-cooling and obviously authentic statement of the awful ravages of the predatory bass in the neighborhood of Chef Menteur, Rotten Bayou, Catfish Bayou, Alligator Hole, and Bayou Mike. The marshes in the vicinage of the streams mentioned have been swept clean of quadrupeds, so active have been the pestilential bass, Mr. Rightor wrote. He did not claim ever to have seen a black bass attack an animal, but he pointed to the significant circumstance that there is not a cow anywhere in those lowlands.

If any further evidence is needed, an incident related by a wholly veracious Arkansan may be cited. Wandering along the classic banks of a stream near his home, he saw a large shepherd dog playfully chase another canine into the water, and follow. Immediately both innocent and valuable animals were snapped up by hungry black bass. Two days later this same man and a companion were fishing. A large number of fish were caught and "strung," and when the fishermen went to cook their lunch, the fish were left in the water, secured by a chain. On their return, the two men were surprised to see the chain taut and the tree to which it was attached almost torn from the ground. Securing assistance, they pulled in the chain, only to find that their fish had been swallowed by a fiendish black bass, which was dispatched only after a terrific struggle. When the joyful fishermen cut the dead marauder into pieces of convenient size for carrying, they recovered not only their string of fish, but one of the dogs which had disappeared two days before, and which now was on the verge of breathing its last.

We are always open to the influence of reasonable argument and the logic of facts, and, therefore, we say again that we are strongly impressed by these reiterated proofs of the deadly menace of the black bass. Indeed, we are convinced that it is a most dangerous thing to have in our midst.

Senator Platt again hands out the old joke about Mr. Roosevelt "stealing the ten commandments." It is absolutely certain, however, that he didn't steal them from the Senator.

Uxorial Obedience and the Law.

The word "obey," as it appears in the generally accepted marriage ceremony of the day, had come to be generally regarded as a polite fiction until a Missouri court stepped in, a few days ago, and pronounced it sound, legal, and its possible operation upon human conduct a permissible plea in law.

A St. Louis woman accused of writing policy tickets admitted the allegations of fact, but demurred to the indictment upon the ground that she wrote them because her husband commanded her to, and she was estopped from disobeying by reason of her wedding contract, wherein it was expressly stipulated, in the presence of witnesses and before a magistrate of the land, that she should "love, honor, and obey" the said husband until death did them part. The judge took the plea under consideration, slept over it, and decided that it was sound, the result being the quashing of the indictment and the freeing of the defendant.

This reads very well on the surface, but it is an extremely dangerous doctrine to lay down. It might do very well in some cases, but it would work dire disaster in others. In the first place, the women of the land, exercising their unwritten but undisputed rights, would obey the mandate of the law when it suited them to do so, and turn up their dear little noses at it when it didn't suit them. If a man commanded his wife to accompany him to the theater or to the baseball park, she probably would meekly obey, feeling that she was legally bound not to decline. On the other hand, if he commanded her to trim her Easter bonnet with Nile green roses and canary yellow heliotropes, as he might do in all seriousness, she would refuse, violate the law, and subject herself to incarceration in a horrid jail.

The law, which insists upon being splendidly impersonal and exact in its operations, feasting ever upon technicalities and precise abstractions, will, nevertheless, if it is wise in speaking through the mouths of its judges, concern itself scantily with this proposition. The word "obey" is a harmless incident to the marriage ceremony. It means all that it ought to mean, and it operates upon the mind of a woman as it should, as a rule. Let it alone. Do not take it too seriously. It should be retained as a concession to the proprieties of the occasions upon which it is used, but it should not be set up as anything in the nature of a scarecrow. It simply will bring ridicule and contempt upon the judges who attempt it, and prove a terrific boomerang in the hands of any masculine person who seeks to use it as a club.

Marse Henry says the Democratic platform must be "short and crisp." The advice is tendered in some four or five short and crisp columns in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Marse Henry and His Riddle.

If we did not love Marse Henry more than we can tell we would roast him to a brown turn for the muss he has kicked up with his dark horse for 1908. He has been aggravatingly cryptic ever since he returned from his philosophic musings at the tombs of the ancients in Europe. Even his parts of speech are almost as confused as they are confusing. He has set the whole pack of pert paragraphers by the ears, and they are after him in full cry. He has given us all nervous headaches by the task involved in the guessing of his riddle. Of his arbitrary line, he vouchsafes to us only its latitude, leaving us to guess its length. Does it extend beyond the Mississippi? If it does, we can name his man in one guess; but until he gives us definite information on this point we shall not whisper the name. But if it does not extend beyond the Mississippi, then we tell Marse Henry, in the chaste vernacular of the suburbs of Louisville, that "there ain't no such man." Leastwise, we know not of him, and we have a fair to middling acquaintance.

We have thought of the Hon. Judson Harmon as the possible key to Mr. Watterson's riddle. Mr. Harmon was Attorney General of the United States in the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds that followed the Democratic national convention of 1896. But did he stand firm as "a good organization Democrat, who supported the ticket" in that tremendous cataclysm? We know that Uncle Adlai Stephenson did, but Uncle Adlai, a distinguished kinsman of Marse Henry, is now seventy-two years old, and seems content to pursue his amiable perigrinations around the large circle of his Southern kinfolks, the while eschewing politics and politicians. A mighty good Democrat is Uncle Adlai, and a Christian. We esteem him all the more because he is related to Marse Henry; but we doubt his sprinting qualities.

If Mr. Watterson will oblige by telling us if his arbitrary line reaches to the broad Pacific, we will guess his riddle in three shakes of a sheep's tail.

It is pointed out that Hon. Charles Warren Fairbanks was born in Ohio. Without some sort of Ohio trimmings, a Presidential possibility is really an impossibility just at this time.

An English girl has just won the championship of her country by putting an eight-pound shot 31 feet and 8 inches. The men may just as well quit.

"May is a pretty nice month, after all," says the Indianapolis News. Yes, after all the others.

"When the cardinal rays of the setting sun flood the forests, fields, and spires of earth with golden glory, the soul soars into the fading light and revels in a dream of immortality," says the Baltimore American. Fine! A regular sunburst of superecstatic sentiment!

"'Pete' Roosevelt has been thrashed within an inch of his life by a homely looking cur," says the Birmingham Age-Herald. Alas, poor "Pete;" we know him well! Once he was a hero, now he is a has-been. Every dog has his day; and "Pete's" is in the past.

William Allen White advises everybody to write poetry. And this country has been mighty good to William Allen, too.

King Chullongkorn claims to be a "brother to the moon." As a matter of fact, the moon hardly could be more than a distant relative.

"Hoch der Kaiser. Auf Wiedersehen," says the Charleston News and Courier, at the closing of the schuetzenfest. When a real Charlestonian sets out to make one feel at home, he goes all the gaits.

A Chicago thief recently stole fifteen rhubarb pies. If he ate them, his punishment doubtless fitted the crime.

The Austin Statesman is bragging about the fine pumpkins raised in that vicinity. We have no doubt that an Austin pumpkin has a Houston strawberry beaten a thousand miles.

Although "booed" by the London gallery gods because of his impersonation of Henry VIII, Mr. Sothern is said to have been "perfectly calm and smiling," and not to have "lost his head for an instant." Had "Bluff King Hal" been alive and a witness to the performance, the actor probably would have lost his head for good.

A scientist claims to have discovered a product of the sunflower that is a fine substitute for quinine, and far cheaper. Too bad for the patent medicine fakers that this was not discovered before the pure food law went into effect.

The ceremony incident to the christening of the little Spanish prince will continue for two days. Christening a boy with twelve names is a strenuous undertaking.

The arresting of mere dukes, ambassadors, and other nabobs must be getting wearisome to Town Marshal Collins, of Glen Echo. An occasional king or emperor might vary the monotony.

No exposition of the past was ever visited twice by the President, but the Jamestown show will be able to claim that distinction after Georgia Day. It should be remembered, in this connection, that Powhatan, one of the original Jamestownites, was a great advocate of big-stick methods.

And to think, too, that "Pete" was whipped by a dog with such a molly-coddish name as "Rollo!"

"From the way those folks are acting over in Spain, some people might be led to believe that something new has really happened," says the Bay City (Mich.) Times. Well, isn't the little Prince of the Asturias new?

The lukewarm and opposition papers refer to him as "William Howard Taft." The rooters call him "Bill."

The difference between what a captain of industry does know in the newspapers and the magazines and what he doesn't know on the witness stand would fill several libraries.

Value of Immigration Laws.

From the Indianapolis News.

The breaking of the immigration record every month nowadays rather makes one wonder what would have been doing if Congress had passed no restrictive laws.

Explained.

From the Cleveland Leader.

A Connecticut fisherman claims to have seen a red-headed devil-fish which stood on its tail and hissed at him. Too much bait!

Would It?

From the Ohio Sun.

Would it be safe to say the drug trust received a knock-out drop in that Indianapolis Federal court decision?

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

FOR LUNCH.

Said the man at the first table:
"I would not eat as women do;
They are a very foolish crew.
Waiter, bring me two chocolate
eclairs, some mixed pickles, a glass
of milk, and a charlotte russe."

Said the girl at the second table:
"Men pose as intellectual kings.
But, my! They call for silly things.
Waiter, bring me two chocolate
eclairs, some mixed pickles, a glass
of milk, and a charlotte russe.

Sensation.

"More trouble in high life."
"What now?"
"A New York millionaire deserts his club for his home."

Divorcons.

Years had passed.
"Well, well, Jane!" exclaimed the returned hero. "Still a miss?"
"Not still," replied the kittenish heroine. "Again."

A Hunk of History.

Porus, one of Persia's kings,
One of Asia's masters,
For his name won added fame
By inventing plasters.

Cutting Him Off.

"Ah, I see that another of Mr. Carnegie's young men——"
"John," interrupted his wife, "I positively will not listen to anything of a scandalous nature."

Disgruntled Press Agent.

"What's that?"
"I say it's nothing but an artfully advertised aggregation of antiquated acts, apathetic animals, and fossilized freaks."
"Oh, you've left the circus, have you?"

It Is Remarkable.

"Everybody seems to have money to hand me," remarked the beef magnate.
"Me, too," chimed in the ice magnate.
"Sometimes I wonder where they get it all."

"JUST FROM GEORGIA."

From the Atlanta Constitution.

DOLLAR'S AT THE DOOR.

I.

Hope within the heart is springin'—
Seldom there before;
Don't you hear the dollar ringin'—
Ringin' at the door?

II.

Wonder where he's been a-stayin'—
Leaving us so poor?
There is now no time for playin'—
Dollar's at the door!

III.

It's for him we've been a-pinin'—
Take him to the store!
Don't his face look round an' shinin?—
Dollar's at the door!

Texts from Brother Dickey.

To some folks, truth is like a rock in de sea; dez ez soon ez dey sees it dey makes fer deep water.

Satan is levyin' on so much er de worl' dat purty soon de Saints won't have standin' room ter holler halleluia!

A hundred years frum now de folks in de worl' will be cuttin' de grass on yo' grave en sellin' it fer hay; so live, dat we'en dat time come you'll be in de milk en honey business whar you won't keer.

When the Spring Days Come.

When the spring days come an' the jaybirds raise a row,
The poet will be singin' to the mules that pull the plow:
"Gee-haw! Git along!"
(We know 'em by that song!)
"Gee-haw! Git along!"

When the spring days come an' the fields are lookin' prime,
Oh, it's then that's lots o' reason in the plowin' poet's rhyme,
With it's "Gee-haw! Git along!"
(We know him by that song!)
"Gee-haw! Git along!"

Life in the Settlement.

"Pullin Green come up from Grayville yesterday. Pullin is a gay bird. He heard all about that phantom party Miss Essie is goin' to give.

"Social Jinkins is in our midst once more. Social, old boy, you have our sincerest sympathies. Miss Katie left two hours before your train come in."

"Ross Struthers is lookin' mighty anxious these days. Never mind, Ross, old boy, the old folks are quite willin'. Just sail in an' win!"

The Secret Music.

In the chill sod the seed is nursed,
To bloom and brightness springing;
Let all the storm-winds wail their worst;
Thank God, the heart is singing!

Wrong Materials.

"Williams is getting up a literary club."
"Hickory is the only kind that'll ever bring him to his success," said the old man.

Ample Room.

Mollie's writ a letter home
From whar the ocean's sloshin':
"This here pond is big enough
For all to go in washin'!"

Too Many "Valjeans."

From the Chicago Chronicle.

As might have been expected, other "Valjeans" are turning up in various parts of the country to request executive clemency because of good behavior since breaking out of jail. Wisconsin furnishes one and Missouri another. Several other States will no doubt be heard from in due time, and, of course, the January case will furnish the necessary precedent for pardoning all the petitioners. The whole thing suggests the thought that as all the jail-breakers seem to reform, it might be advisable to give every convict the chance to escape, and thus become a moral and law-abiding citizen. That is the logic of the proposition, anyway.

Brownsville Episode Responsible?

From the Concord (N. H.) Monitor.

The Brownsville episode is held in Baltimore to be responsible for the Democratic success in the recent city election. The negroes, it is asserted, refused to go to the polls because of their resentment, and the Republican vote fell off enough to give Mahool the election. There are several Northern States where the negro vote, chiefly Republican, is numerous enough to swing an election. In Ohio, for instance, there are 40,000 colored voters; Indiana has nearly as many.

The Gallant Funston.

From the Terre Haute Tribune.

Gen. Funston, in cheerfully yielding his right to promotion to a brother officer, was just as gallant as when he was chasing Aguinaldo.

Opened Too Early.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Another plot to assassinate the Czar has been uncovered. Both baseball and bomb-throwing have suffered from early openings.

The Better Way.

A way of escape has been devised
From the deep-sea submarine;
But it doesn't compare with the other plan
Preferred by the average sort of man,
To ride in a land machine.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

MEN AND THINGS.

The Official Trust-busters.

Frank B. Kellogg and Cordenie A. Severance continue to be the President's real trust-busters. They have been law partners at St. Paul many years, and up to the time of his death Senator Cushman K. Davis was a member of their firm. Their practice has been mainly for corporations, their biggest client for several years having been the great steel trust, whose interests in Minnesota are potentially more vast than even in the Pittsburg district. Messrs. Severance and Kellogg were brought into the trust-busting business for the government by Senator Knox when he was Attorney General, and they have been retained by his successors. They do their work quietly. They have no official title or standing. They are merely lawyers employed by the government to prepare cases against designated trusts under the forms and regulations of the Department of Justice. They are paid from the extraordinary grant of a half million dollars made by Congress three years ago upon the recommendation of President Roosevelt. The government is their client, just as the steel trust was in Minnesota. What fees they are paid by the government is no more known than was the compensation they used to draw from the steel trust. As, however, they are high-priced lawyers, it is believed that the government is paying them for their services more than any of the big trusts in the country pay their lawyers. One suggestion is that they are to receive $50,000 each for this year's work.

Mr. Kellogg, by the way, has political ambitions. It is said that in the event of Attorney General Bonaparte's retirement the President would put the Minnesotan at the head of the Department of Justice. From this office Mr. Kellogg might be able to go to the Senate as Senator Clapp's successor. It is known that the Senate is his goal.

Works for Love of It.

Worthington Ford belongs to that class of rich men who have drifted into the public service for sheer love of the work. At present he holds the comparatively inconspicuous position of chief of the manuscript division of the Library of Congress. He was chief of a bureau in the Treasury Department until the exigencies of Ohio politics in the McKinley regime caused pressure to be brought to bear upon him to retire. Mr. Ford is a member of the well-known New York family of that name, and one of his brothers was the novelist, Paul Leicester Ford, whose tragic death a few years ago shocked the country. Worthington Ford has a highly developed literary taste, and contributes a good deal to the better class of magazines. He is a rare exception to the rule of government employes in Washington in that he is so enamored of his work and of life generally here that he does not take the annual vacation allowed by law. He lives in a handsome residence in Cleveland Park, and prefers to stay there through the hot summers to going to seashore or mountains. There is perhaps a touch of acrid irony in Mr. Ford's sending to the Jamestown Exposition, among the manuscripts contributed by the Library of Congress, an autograph letter of President McKinley's, in which the martyred President, while a member of Congress, had pleaded somewhat importunately for an office for a constituent.

Seminole War Survivors.

How many veterans of the Seminole war are alive? That Indian uprising was put down seventy years ago, and two or three communities are now claiming the distinction of having citizens who participated in it. Away out at Watrous, N. Mex., there is a venerable and worthy patriarch named Madison Horn, whose neighbors boast that he is the sole survivor of the Florida war. He is eighty-eight, and as spry as a cricket. At West Palm Beach, Fla., there is a certain Judge Andrew Jackson Lewis—born in South Carolina, by the way—who bears honorable scars as the result of wounds received while he was fighting as a private in the ranks of a South Carolina regiment against the Seminoles. Judge Lewis is eighty-nine, and although he fought four years in the Confederate army, he looks strong and active enough to shoulder his gun again and keep step to the drum's tap. One unidentified veteran is being presented by Indiana, but, as the Hoosiers have not yet published his name or shown by the records that he is drawing a pension, their claim is being flouted by Florida and New Mexico. If there is a Seminole war survivor in this city, he will please come forward with the proof. Kansas is expected soon to enter the list.

Worked with Carnegie.

James Elverson, proprietor of the Philadelphia Inquirer, and who owns a beautiful country estate near Washington, worked with Andrew Carnegie in the Pennsylvania Railroad offices at Altoona when they were both young men. Mr. Elverson was then a telegraph operator and Mr. Carnegie was a clerk. During the civil war Mr. Elverson was a telegraph operator in Washington, and it was while thus engaged that he was enabled to lay the foundation for his present great fortune. He kept close track of the fluctuations of gold and silver coin and other money, and invested his savings, with the result of accumulating quietly sufficient capital with which to found, at Philadelphia, one of the most unique and valuable publications in the country, Golden Days, a juvenile periodical, which, it is believed, is still being published with great profit to its proprietor. Mr. Elverson virtually has withdrawn from active participation in the management of his Philadelphia daily paper and turned it over to his son, "young Jim." The elder Elverson spends much time on his estate near this city, Clifton, overlooking Georgetown, and occasionally visits his daughter, in Europe, who several years ago married the French Minister to Washington. He and the Laird of Skibo meet frequently and reminisce.

Gov. Johnson to the South.

Gov. John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, has accepted an invitation to visit Vicksburg, Miss., at an early date and deliver an address at the unveiling on the battlefield there of a monument to the Minnesota soldiers who participated in that bloody siege. If his official duties at St. Paul shall permit him to extend the trip several days, he may visit other parts of the South and make some speeches. His presence in that section is expected to stir up Presidential politics. As the only Democrat ever elected governor of Minnesota, the feeling is growing that probably he would make a winning candidate for 1908. The relations between him and the Bryan element are entirely harmonious, and it is suggested that should Gov. Johnson make a favorable impression in the South and the Nebraskan should conclude not to take the nomination next year, he would favor the Minnesota man.

Should Include Schneider.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The statue of Joseph Jefferson is to be completed and ready for unveiling a year from next June. Let's hope it will include a bronze duplicate of my dog Schneider.

Almost.

From the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Owing to a snowstorm the sun has not shone in Southern Wyoming for nearly a month. That's almost as bad as living in Pittsburg.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

Some persons seem to have an idea that this looking on the brighter, better side of life and things is largely a matter of sentiment, which is well enough for dreamers and drones, but has little in common with the real workers who are doing the business of the world.

"It is all very nice to preach sunshine and cheerfulness," said a certain man of affairs to me the other day, "but what is one to do when one's helpers are gruff and grouchy, and when the things that should run along smoothly enough bump and rattle as if they were going over a corduroy road, because of employes with dyspeptic tendencies and mean tempers?"

"Why, one should constitute himself an apostle of sunshine and good cheer to the grumblers," I replied. Then I turned on him.

"You have perfected my argument better than I myself could have done it," I said. "You softly sneer at my doctrine, and in the same breath you prove its worth. You trumpet the value of my goods by showing up the worthlessness of their opposites. The reason you cannot get along pleasantly in your business is, according to your own statement, the temper of your employes. And while you didn't vouchsafe the information, I am enough of a seer to tell you that your profits are not so large as they should be. Beyond that, my psychic powers enable me to see that the cause for your employes' grouch habit is not wholly within themselves. You are in part responsible.

"I have noticed, sir, that the most profitable establishments of any sort are those in which good cheer and fellowship prevail. Now, fellowship without good cheer is just as much of an impossibility as fish without water. You may talk about the sentiment of sunshine as much as you please, but I tell you that the sense of sunshine is as much bigger than its sentiment as are the Himalayas higher than the ash-heap in your back yard.

"You know from experience how a sunny attitude on the part of your clerks wins and holds trade. You know well enough how many persons there are who will wait for Miss This or Mr. That, for no other reason than that these clerks are uniformly pleasant and serve persons cheerfully, as though the task were not galling.

"Very well; did it ever occur to you that the same attitude on your part might win to you the loyalty and confidence of your clerks and salespersons? Did it ever occur to you that sunshine is just as necessary in the elegantly furnished private office as behind the counter? Did you ever notice how well your wife gets along with her help.

"Just take a peep into the workings of your own home some day, and see if Mary's good cooking and Margaret's excellent chamberwork are not the result of something more than the 'four per' they receive. Many a man can learn how to make his business a success by learning something about how his wife makes his own home a success.

"No, sir, there is no place or position in which sunshine is not a valuable thing to have handy. I would call it the first aid to happiness, and the prime factor in business success of any sort. The man or woman who thinks of it as a mere thing of sentiment is on the wrong road, and would better retrace a few steps if peace, pleasure, or profit have anything to do with the desired goal.

"Many a good worker has gone down to want and pauperism for a lack of sunshine, and no worker is so good that the grouch habit will not discount his worth to the man who hires him.

"Suppose it were only a matter of sentiment, however! Would that bar it from common use? Is sentiment such a terrible thing?

"But when you can get sense and sentiment in one consignment, isn't that a pretty good deal, Mr. Business Man?"

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.

THE UNEARNED INCREMENT.

Some Inflations All Right; Others Result of "Water."

From the Baltimore Sun.

A correspondent of the New York Times tells a story of enhanced values which points the moral that some inflations are called water, while others seem right enough. Two brothers inherited money, the one $12,000, the other $10,000. The $12,000 was invested in a house on Thirty-second street, New York; the $10,000 was put into Pennsylvania Railroad stock. After five years the railroad company built its terminal in the vicinity of the house, with the result that the owner got an enhanced value of $29,000 for it. The brother got no corresponding enhancement of the value of his stock. "I suppose," he says, "that the private citizen who benefits by increased values is in one class, but the investor in the outlaw corporation is a public enemy, who ought to be thankful if he is allowed to live."

The story recalls the fact that property in both country and city is often greatly increased in value by the coming of transportation facilities. Values are doubled and even quadrupled. Seldom do persons who have enjoyed this enhancement of value of their property propose to turn over the unearned increment to the railroad or to the community. Railroads, like others, commit sins, but they also, like others, sometimes confer great benefits for which they get no thanks.

The Plot Against Oklahoma.

From the Springfield Republican.

The plot to hold up the Oklahoma constitution and prevent the admission of the State before the next Presidential election is clearly in process of being carried out, and the plant which is engineering it is located in Washington rather than in Oklahoma. The ostensible reason is that the constitution has gerrymandered the State in favor of the Democrats, which is, of course, very shocking to Republican ideas of propriety, such a thing as a Republican gerrymander never having been known. But the real reason is that the new State would probably fall into Democratic possession and add seven votes of that political color to the electoral college a year from next fall. If it had been supposed that Oklahoma would prove to be so strongly Democratic, the last Congress would have withheld its enabling ordinance at least until after the next Presidential election. New States are desirable only as they are Republican in politics.

Editor Mack and His Mail.

From the Springfield Republican.

Norman E. Mack, the Buffalo newspaper man, is taking a trip abroad, and has been unwise enough to have his mail follow him. Having remained a while in London, he pushed on to Paris, and from thence ordered his mail, which had been arriving at the Carlton, forwarded. There was a week's accumulation of letters, circulars, and newspapers, until under the mail counter was a pile of it large enough, it is said, to fill two bushel baskets. Mr. Mack's direction as to forwarding was faithfully followed, and it proved to be an expensive job to him. According to English postal laws, all matter forwarded later than twelve hours after delivery is charged for again at the usual rate of postage. So we live and learn.

A Condition Precedent.

From the Fort Worth Record.

The magazines are full of suggestions of how to furnish a bungalow. And many anxious readers are awaiting the magazine that will tell how to secure a bungalow to furnish.

AT THE HOTELS.

"In many parts of Pennsylvania there exists a feeling of bitter opposition to the enforcement of the law that requires compulsory vaccination of school children," said Judge Elkin, of the Supreme Court of that State, at the New Willard yesterday.

"So hostile is this sentiment that in some of the counties men have been elected to the legislature on a platform of opposition to the law, and a State anti-vaccination league has been formed for the avowed purpose of securing the repeal of this obnoxious statute. The president of one of the greatest industrial companies of Pittsburg is at the head of the organization. This gentleman, who has made an exhaustive investigation of vaccination both from a historical and scientific standpoint, declares that it is not only ineffectual as a preventive of smallpox, but that it is extremely apt to do the subject harm. In England there is a growing anti-vaccination sentiment, and I understand that 187 members of the British Parliament are on record as opposed to the treatment.

"When doctors disagree—and I understand that some of the foremost medical men of the day denounce vaccination—laymen, of course, do not know which side is right. A few days ago I met a friend who brought his son to Philadelphia for the purpose of having the lad undergo an operation. He had some ear trouble, which his father was absolutely certain had been brought on by vaccination. In the beginning, he had fought against having the youth vaccinated, and only gave in when he found that it was a condition of his being allowed admission to the public schools. This man assured me that it was the last time he ever intended surrendering his convictions on the subject, and that he would resist to the last extremity any further vaccinations in his family."

"The public should accept with many grains of salt the sensational statements of Messrs. Kellogg and Severance on the so-called 'Alton deal,' and other transactions with which Mr. Harriman's name has been connected," said Mr. W. W. Baldwin, one of the leading citizens of Burlington, Iowa, at the Arlington.

"These gentlemen are lawyers employed to find something to justify the bringing of a suit in which they will be employed as counsel. This Alton reorganization happened several years ago. It is an Illinois company. All these transactions were public and generally known. There have been several governors and attorneys general of Illinois since the occurrences, who are good lawyers and good men. If the reorganization of the Alton road was illegal, especially if it was such a monstrous wrong as these attorneys state it at this late date, why have not the Illinois authorities found it out? I have never had anything to do with the Alton road, and do not know Mr. Harriman, but this statement that the reorganization inflated the capitalization from $33,900,000 to $114,000,000 is a monstrous exaggeration.

"The thing hinges upon a definition of 'capitalization.' These gentlemen ignore the fact that the nominal stock of the Alton road stood at $200 per share, and they paid for it at this figure. But Messrs. Kellogg and Severance, in making up their statement for the public, treat the old capital stock all the way through on a basis of $100 per share. Then the old stock was paying 10 per cent dividends, while the new common stock, I think, has never paid any dividends, and the preferred stock only 4 per cent.

"The whole point then about the recapitalization of the Alton road is this: Were the financial burdens upon the property increased; that is, were the requirements for interest and dividends to be paid out of earnings actually increased? No, they were not. They were, in fact, decreased, I am reliably told, taking into account interest upon the new capital used to rebuild the road.

"Another thing: Were the votes increased? Did the Harriman reorganization cost the people of Illinois one dollar in that direction? Again, no; on the contrary, the rates to the public have been largely decreased since that time. The road was rebuilt and put into magnificent shape. It was a dying railroad, but resurrected and made into a splendid property."

The numerous friends of ex-Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, who is at the Arlington with Mrs. Manderson, will be rejoiced to know that the former, after many months of illness, during which he was reduced to a shadow, is again in good health and moving about with the vigor that characterized him in the old days when he was one of the best liked men in the United States Senate.

"It is rather early to discuss the coming Presidential election," said Gen. Manderson, "but since you ask my views, I see no reason to doubt the success of the Republican party in 1908. The present occupant of the White House is strong—very strong, with the people, but he has stated so often that he will not accept another nomination that there is no question of his earnestness. With the President eliminated, the Republican party is still rich in candidates of fitting caliber. There is Secretary Taft, whose greatness, both along judicial and administrative lines, is unquestioned. I had really hoped to see him a justice of the Supreme Court, if not Chief Justice, for his ability richly merits his going there. The country may prefer to see him in the Presidential office, and that, too, he would adorn. Besides Mr. Taft there is a large list of good and available men, all with large and enthusiastic followings.

"On the Democratic side the nomination of Col. Bryan seems in the nature of a foregone conclusion. Toward him as a man and friend I have nothing but the best feeling and most profound respect. His personal record is untarnished, and he is always captivating as a speaker and writer. But, admitting his good qualities, the fact remains that he has a faculty for blundering that makes a great many afraid to trust him, and his peculiar notions of government, in the opinion of thousands, render him too unsafe to be intrusted with the greatest office in the nation. I do not regard Col. Bryan as one whit stronger than he was in 1900, and do not think it at all probable that he could poll more votes in 1908 than he did then."

Mr. O. B. Willcox, son and namesake of the late Gen. Willcox, is at the New Willard. The former is one of the leading lawyers of Colorado Springs, Colo., and is a partner of Hon. Franklin E. Brooks, whose term as Representative in Congress expired last March, though he could easily have had a longer service in the House.

"Colorado," said Mr. Willcox, "can be put down in the list of sure Republican States. While Roosevelt is stronger than any man in his party, there is not the slightest danger of the Democrats carrying Colorado, no matter who may be the Republican nominee. Bryan, though once a popular man, and even an idol, would no longer have a chance in our country, for the issues that made Bryan strong have wholly disappeared."

Too Many Cooks.

From the Chicago Evening Post.

Some shrewd old political chefs might think there were too many cooks stirring the Taft broth in Ohio.

A Big Hole.

From the Baltimore Sun.

They seem to have left a hole in the railroad-rate bill big enough to drive a wagon through.